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**HUMAN LIFE.**

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# HUMAN LIFE,

A POEM.

BY

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*Introduction.—Ringing of Bells in a neighbouring Village  
on the Birth of an Heir.—General Reflections on  
Human Life.—The Subject proposed.—Childhood.—  
Youth.—Manhood.—Love.—Marriage.—Domestic  
Happiness and Affliction.—War.—Peace.—Civil  
Dissension.—Retirement from active Life.—Old Age  
and its Enjoyments.—Conclusion.*



## HUMAN LIFE.



THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;  
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby.  
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,  
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:  
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,  
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,  
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire  
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail  
The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;  
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,  
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.  
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin ;  
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine :  
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,  
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,  
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,  
“ 'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled.”

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;  
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees  
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,  
And violets scattered round; and old and young,

In every cottage-porch with garlands green,  
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;  
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side  
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,  
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;  
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,  
And weepings heard where only joy has been ;  
When by his children borne, and from his door  
Slowly departing to return no more,  
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life ; so gliding on,  
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !

Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,  
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,  
As any that the wandering tribes require,  
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire ;  
As any sung of old in hall or bower  
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching-hour !

Born in a trance, we wake, reflect, inquire ;  
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.  
Of Elfin size—for ever as we run,  
We cast a longer shadow in the sun !  
And now a charm, and now a grace is won !  
We grow in wisdom, and in stature too !  
And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,  
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.

Yet, all forgot, how oft the eye-lids close,  
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose !  
How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,  
While many an emmet comes with curious eye ;  
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by !  
Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see ;  
So like what once we were, and once again shall be !

.

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,  
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,  
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,  
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green ;  
The man himself how altered, not the scene !  
Now journeying home with nothing but the name ;  
Way-worn and spent, another and the same !

No eye observes the growth or the decay.

To-day we look as we did yesterday ;

Yet while the loveliest smiles, her locks grow grey !

And in her glass could she but see the face

She'll see so soon amidst another race,

How would she shrink !—Returning from afar,

After some years of travel, some of war,

Within his gate Ulysses stood unknown

Before a wife, a father, and a son !

And such is Human Life, the general theme.

Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream ?

Though with such wild romantic wanderings fraught,

Such forms in Fancy's richest colouring wrought,



'That, like the visions of a love-sick brain,  
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again?

Our pathway leads but to a precipice;<sup>a</sup>  
And all must follow, fearful as it is!  
From the first step 'tis known; but—No delay!  
On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.  
A thousand ills beset us as we go.  
—“ Still, could I shun the fatal gulf”—Ah, no,  
'Tis all in vain—the inexorable Law!  
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.  
Verdure springs up; and fruits and flowers invite,  
And groves and fountains—all things that delight.  
“ Oh I would stop, and linger if I might!”—

We fly; no resting for the foot we find;

All dark before, all desolate behind!

At length the brink appears—but one step more!

We faint—On, on!—we falter—and 'tis o'er!

Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,  
Prompting to noblest deeds; here links of gold  
Bind soul to soul; and thoughts divine inspire  
A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire  
That will not, cannot but with life expire!

Now, seraph-winged, among the stars we soar;  
Now distant ages, like a day, explore,  
And judge the act, the actor now more;

Or, in a thankless hour condemned to live,  
From others claim what these refuse to give,  
And dart, like Milton, an unerring eye  
Through the dim curtains of Futurity.<sup>b</sup>

Wealth, Pleasure, Ease, all thought of self resigned,  
What will not man encounter for Mankind?  
Behold him now unbar the prison-door,  
And, lifting Guilt, Contagion from the floor,  
To Peace and Health, and Light and Life restore ;  
Now in Thermopylæ remain to share  
Death—nor look back, nor turn a footstep there,  
Leaving his story to the birds of air ;

And now like Pylades (in Heaven they write  
Names such as his in characters of light)  
Long with his friend in generous enmity,  
Pleading, insisting in his place to die !

Do what he will, he cannot realize  
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies  
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find  
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.  
But if by chance an object strike the sense,  
The faintest shadow of that Excellence,  
Passions, that slept, are stirring in his frame  
Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name !

And some, not here called forth, may slumber on  
Till this vain pageant of a world is gone;  
Lying too deep for things that perish here,  
Waiting for life—but in a nobler sphere!

Look where he comes! Rejoicing in his birth,  
Awhile he moves as in a heaven on earth!  
Sun, moon, and stars—the land, the sea, the sky,  
To him shine out as 'twere a galaxy!  
But soon 'tis past—the light has died away!  
With him it came (it was not of the day)  
And he himself diffused it, like the stone<sup>c</sup>  
That sheds awhile a lustre all its own,

Making night beautiful. 'Tis past, 'tis gone,  
And in his darkness as he journies on,  
Nothing revives him but the blessed ray  
That now breaks in, nor ever knows decay,  
Sent from a better world to light him on his way.

How great the Mystery ! Let others sing  
The circling Year, the promise of the Spring,  
The Summer's glory, and the rich repose  
Of Autumn, and the Winter's silvery snows.  
Man through the changing scene let me pursue,  
Himself how wondrous in his changes too !  
Not Man, the sullen savage in his den ;  
But Man called forth in fellowship with men ;

Schooled and trained up to Wisdom from his birth;<sup>d</sup>  
God's noblest work—His image upon earth!

The hour arrives, the moment wished and feared;  
The child is born, by many a pang endeared.  
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;  
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye!  
He comes...she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,  
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the Stranger knows;  
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!  
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,  
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!

He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word  
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.  
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,  
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.  
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,  
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)  
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,  
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,  
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,  
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;  
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,  
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

But soon a nobler task demands her care.

Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,



Telling of Him who sees in secret there !—

And now the volume on her knee has caught

His wandering eye—now many a written thought

Never to die, with many a lisping sweet

His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly ;

Oh he would follow—follow through the sky !

Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,

And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane ;

Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,

Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,

A dangerous voyage ; or, if now he can,

If now he wears the habit of a man,

Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,  
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,  
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,  
And in green letters sees his name arise!  
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,  
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight!

Ah who, when fading of itself away,  
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!  
Now is the May of Life. Careering round,  
Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the ground!  
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,  
When the rich casket shone in bright array,  
“ These are MY Jewels !”<sup>e</sup> Well of such as he,

When Jesus spake, well might his language be,

“Suffer these little ones to come to me!”<sup>f</sup>

Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reverts  
The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years ;  
Close by her side his silent homage given  
As to some pure Intelligence from Heaven ;  
His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,  
His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or blame,  
At once lit up as with a holy flame !  
He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire ;  
And soon with tears relinquished to the Sire,  
Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,  
Holds secret converse with the Mighty Dead ;

Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,  
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire!  
Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate,<sup>g</sup>  
Crowned but to die—who in her chamber sate  
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,  
And every ear and every heart was won,  
And all in green array were chasing down the sun!

Then is the Age of Admiration—Then<sup>h</sup>  
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men!  
Ah, then comes thronging many a wild desire,  
And high imagining and thought of fire!  
Then from within a voice exclaims “Aspire!”  
Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,  
As in the Cave athwart the Wizard’s glass;

They, that on Youth a grace, a lustre shed,  
Of every Age—the living and the dead !  
Thou, all-accomplished Surrey, thou art known ;  
The flower of Knighthood, nipt as soon as blown !  
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone !  
And, with his beaver up, discovering there  
One who loved less to conquer than to spare,  
Lo, the Black Warrior, he, who, battle-spent,  
Bare-headed served the Captive in his tent !  
Young B——n in the groves of Academe,  
Or where Ilyssus winds his whispering stream ;  
Or where the wild bees swarm with ceaseless hum,  
Dreaming old dreams—a joy for years to come ;  
Or on the Rock within the sacred Fane ;—  
Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in vain :<sup>i</sup>

And Milton's self, apart with beaming eye,<sup>k</sup>  
Planning he knows not what—that shall not die !

Oh in thy truth secure, thy virtue bold,  
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,  
The asp among the flowers. Thy heart beats high,  
As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky !  
But every step is on enchanted ground.  
Danger thou lov'st, and Danger haunts thee round.

Who spurs his horse against the mountain-side ;  
Then, plunging, slakes his fury in the tide ?  
Cries ho, and draws ; and, where the sun-beams fall,  
At his own shadow thrusts along the wall ?

Who dances without music ; and anon  
Sings like the lark—then sighs as woe begone,  
And folds his arms, and, where the willows wave,  
Glides in the moon-shine by a maiden's grave ?  
Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow.  
Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now  
A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.

He hears me not—Those sighs were from the heart.  
Too, too well taught, he plays the lover's part.  
He who at masques, nor feigning nor sincere,  
With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,  
Lie at her feet and on her slipper swear  
That none were half so faultless, half so fair,

Now through the forest hies, a stricken deer,  
A banished man, flying when none are near ;  
And writes on every tree, and lingers long  
Where most the nightingale repeats her song ;  
Where most the nymph, that haunts the silent grove,  
Delights to syllable the names we love.

At length he goes—a Pilgrim to the Shrine,  
And for a relic would a world resign !  
A glove, a shoe-tye, or a flower let fall—  
What though the least, Love consecrates them all !  
And now he breathes in many a plaintive verse ;  
Now wins the dull ear of the wily nurse



At early matins ('twas at matin-time<sup>1</sup>  
That first he saw and sickened in his prime)  
And soon the Sibyl, in her thirst for gold,  
Plays with young hearts that will not be controlled.

“Absence from Thee—as self from self it seems!”  
Scaled is the garden-wall; and lo, her beams  
Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing  
His well-known form along the terrace stealing.  
—Oh, ere in sight he came, 'twas his to thrill  
A heart that loved him though in secret still.  
“Am I awake? or is it . . . can it be  
“An idle dream? Nightly it visits me!

“ —That strain,” she cries, “as from the water rose.

“ Now near and nearer through the shade it flows!—

“ Now sinks departing—sweetest in its close !”

No casement gleams ; no Juliet, like the day,

Comes forth and speaks and bids her lover stay.

Still, like aërial music heard from far,

Nightly it rises with the evening star.

—“ She loves another ! Love was in that sigh !”

On the cold ground he throws himself to die.

Fond Youth, beware. Thy heart is most deceiving.

Who wish are fearful ; who suspect, believing.

—And soon her looks the rapturous truth avow.

Lovely before, oh say how lovely now !<sup>m</sup>

She flies not, frowns not, though he pleads his cause ;  
Nor yet—nor yet her hand from his withdraws ;  
But by some secret Power surprised, subdued,  
(Ah how resist ? Nor would she if she could.)  
Falls on his neck as half unconscious where,  
Glad to conceal her tears, her blushes there.

Then come those full confidings of the past ;  
All sunshine now where all was overcast.  
Then do they wander till the day is gone,  
Lost in each other ; and, when Night steals on,  
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are !  
Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,

Far above singing!—But soon nothing stirs  
To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,  
Deals not in words; and now the shadows close,  
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows  
Less and less earthly! As departs the day  
All that was mortal seems to melt away,  
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,  
She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven!

Then are they blest indeed; and swift the hours  
Till her young Sisters wreathe her hair in flowers,  
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least  
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,  
Known by her laugh that will not be suppressed.

Then before All they stand—the holy vow  
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,  
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,  
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,  
His house she enters, there to be a light  
Shining within, when all without is night ;  
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing !  
How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind  
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;  
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow  
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.  
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;

And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before !

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise  
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,  
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,  
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,  
To meet him coming ; theirs through every year  
Pure transports, such as each to each endear !  
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill  
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are still,  
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,  
In sleep how beautiful ! He, when the sky  
Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,

When, gathering round his bed, they climb to share  
His kisses, and with gentle violence there  
Break in upon a dream not half so fair,  
Up to the hill-top leads their little feet ;  
Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet  
The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear  
The otter rustling in the sedgy mere ;  
Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree,  
That gave him back his words of pleasantry—  
When the House stood, no merrier man than he !  
And, as they wander with a keen delight,  
If but a leveret catch their quicker sight  
Down a green alley, or a squirrel then  
Climb the gnarled oak, and look and climb again,

If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,  
He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all ;  
These with unequal footsteps following fast,  
These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be last.

The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,  
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,  
Not undelighted watch the morning-ray  
Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,  
And burns and blazes into glorious day !  
But happier still is he who turns to trace  
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face ;  
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,  
The thoughts and passions stirring into life ;



The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,  
The giant waking from his ten-fold trance,  
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,  
And all is light within the trembling frame !

What then a Father's feelings? Joy and Fear  
Prevail in turn, Joy most ; and through the year  
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day  
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,  
Praising each highly—from a wish to raise  
Their merits to the level of his Praise,  
Onward in their observing sight he moves,  
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves !  
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane ?  
Who, when He slumbers, hope to fix a stain ?

He lives a model in his life to show,  
That, when he dies and through the world they go,  
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,  
“ They are his sons, and worthy of their sire !”

But Man is born to suffer. On the door  
Sickness has set her mark ; and now no more  
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild  
As of a mother singing to her child.  
All now in anguish from that room retire,  
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,  
And Innocence breathes contagion—all but one,  
But she who gave it birth—from her alone

The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,  
And through the day, that with its dreary light  
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,  
Watching the changes with her anxious eye:  
While they without, listening below, above,  
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)  
From every little noise catch hope and fear,  
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,  
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness  
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—  
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,

'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh  
At midnight in a Sister's arms to die !  
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,  
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came !  
And when recalled to join the blest above,  
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,  
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,  
When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,  
Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee ;  
And now I write—what thou shalt never see !

At length the Father, vain his power to save,  
Follows his child in silence to the grave,

(That child how cherished, whom he would not give,  
Sleeping the sleep of death, for all that live;)   
Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade  
Scatters the earth as “dust to dust” is said,  
Takes a last look and goes; his best relief  
Consoling others in that hour of grief,  
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing  
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

—But hark, the din of arms! no time for sorrow.  
To horse, to horse! A day of blood to-morrow!  
One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,  
Fly to the field to triumph—or to die!—

He goes, and Night comes as it never came!<sup>n</sup>  
With shrieks of horror!—and a vault of flame!  
And lo! when morning mocks the desolate,  
Red runs the river by; and at the gate  
Breathless a horse without his rider stands!  
But hush! . . a shout from the victorious bands!  
And oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored!  
One wears his helm, one buckles on his sword;  
One hangs the wall with laurel-leaves, and all  
Spring to prepare the soldier's festival;  
While She best-loved, till then forsaken never,  
Clings round his neck as she would cling for ever!

Such golden deeds lead on to golden days,  
Days of domestic peace—by him who plays

On the great stage how uneventful thought ;  
Yet with a thousand busy projects fraught,  
A thousand incidents that stir the mind  
To pleasure, such as leaves no sting behind !  
Such as the heart delights in—and records  
Within how silently—in more than words !  
A Holiday—the frugal banquet spread  
On the fresh herbage near the fountain-head  
With quips and cranks—what time the wood-lark  
there  
Scatters her loose notes on the sultry air,  
What time the king-fisher sits perched below,  
Where, silver-bright, the water-lilies blow :—  
A Wake—the booths whitening the village-green,  
Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen ;

Sign beyond sign in close array unfurled,  
Picturing at large the wonders of the world ;  
And far and wide, over the vicar's pale,  
Black hoods and scarlet crossing hill and dale,  
All, all abroad, and music in the gale :—  
A Wedding-dance—a dance into the night  
On the barn-floor, when maiden-feet are light ;  
When the young bride receives the promised dower  
And flowers are flung, ' herself a fairer flower : '—  
A morning-visit to the poor man's shed,  
(Who would be rich while One was wanting bread ?)  
When all are emulous to bring relief,  
And tears are falling fast—but not for grief :—  
A Walk in Spring—Gr-tt-n, like those with thee,  
By the heath-side (who had not envied me ?)



When the sweet limes, so full of bees in June,  
Led us to meet beneath their boughs at noon ;  
And thou didst say which of the Great and Wise,  
Could they but hear and at thy bidding rise,  
Thou wouldst call up and question.

Graver things

Come in their turn. Morning, and Evening, brings  
Its holy office ; and the sabbath-bell,  
That over wood and wild and mountain-dell  
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy  
With sounds, ‘ most musical, most melancholy,’  
Not on his ear is lost. Then he pursues  
The pathway leading through the aged yews,

Nor unattended ; and, when all are there,  
Pours out his spirit in the House of Prayer,  
That House with many a funeral-garland hung °  
Of virgin-white—memorials of the young,  
The last yet fresh when marriage-chimes were  
                  ringing,

And hope and joy in other hearts were springing ;  
That House where Age led in by Filial Love,  
Their looks composed, their thoughts on things  
                  above,

The world forgot, or all its wrongs forgiven——  
Who would not say they trod the path to Heaven ?

Nor at the fragrant hour—at early dawn—  
Under the beech-tree on his level-lawn,

Or in his porch is he less duly found,  
When they that cry for Justice gather round,  
And in that cry, her sacred voice is drowned ;  
His then to hear and weigh and arbitrate,  
Like Alfred judging at his palace-gate.  
Healed at his touch, the wounds of discord close ;  
And they return as friends, that came as foes.

Thus, while the world but claims its proper part,  
Oft in the head but never in the heart,  
His life steals on ; within his quiet dwelling  
That home-felt joy all other joys excelling.  
Sick of the crowd, when enters he—nor then  
Forgets the cold indifference of men ?

—But nothing lasts. In Autumn at his plough  
Met and solicited, behold him now  
Serving the state again—not as before,  
Not foot to foot, the war-whoop at his door,—  
But in the Senate: and (though round him fly  
The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry,)  
With honest dignity, with manly sense,  
And every charm of natural eloquence,  
Like Hampden struggling in his Country's cause,<sup>p</sup>  
The first, the foremost to obey the laws,  
The last to brook oppression. On he moves,  
Careless of blame while his own heart approves,  
Careless of ruin—(“ For the general good  
'Tis not the first time I shall shed my blood.”)

On thro' that gate misnamed, thro' which before<sup>a</sup>  
Went Sidney, Russel, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,  
On into twilight within walls of stone,  
Then to the place of trial ;<sup>r</sup> and alone,<sup>s</sup>  
Alone before his judges in array  
Stands for his life : there, on that awful day,  
Counsel of friends—all human help denied—  
All but from her who sits the pen to guide,  
Like that sweet Saint who sate by Russel's side<sup>t</sup>  
Under the Judgment-seat.—But guilty men  
Triumph not always. To his hearth again,  
Again with honour to his hearth restored,  
Lo, in the accustomed chair and at the board,

Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their  
claim,

(The humblest servant calling by his name)

He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,

All met as at a holy festival !

—On the day destined for his funeral !

Lo, there the Friend, who, entering where he lay,

Breathed in his drowsy ear “ Away, away !

Take thou *my* cloak—Nay, start not, but obey—

Take it and leave me.” And the blushing Maid,

Who through the streets as through a desert strayed ;

And, when her dear, dear Father passed along,

Would not be held—but, bursting thro’ the throng,

Halberd and battle-axe—kissed him o'er and o'er ;  
Then turned and went—then sought him as before,  
Believing she should see his face no more !  
And oh, how changed at once—no heroine here,  
But a weak woman worn with grief and fear,  
Her darling Mother ! 'Twas but now she smiled,  
And now she weeps upon her weeping child !  
—But who sits by, her only wish below  
At length fulfilled—and now prepared to go ?  
His hands on hers—as through the mists of night,  
She gazes on him with imperfect sight ;  
Her glory now, as ever her delight !"  
—To her, methinks, a second Youth is given ;  
'The light upon her face a light from Heaven !

An hour like this is worth a thousand passed  
In pomp or ease—'Tis present to the last !  
Years glide away untold—'Tis still the same !  
As fresh, as fair as on the day it came !

And now once more where most he loved to be,  
In his own fields—breathing tranquillity—  
We hail him—not less happy, Fox, than thee !  
Thee at St. Anne's so soon of Care beguiled,  
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child !  
Thee, who wouldst watch a bird's nest on the spray,  
Through the green leaves exploring, day by day.  
How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,  
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat,



I saw the sun go down !—Ah, then 'twas thine  
Ne'er to forget some volume half divine,  
Shakspeare's or Dryden's—thro' the chequered  
shade

Borne in thy hand behind thee as we strayed ;  
And where we sate (and many a halt we made)  
To read there with a fervour all thy own,  
And in thy grand and melancholy tone,  
Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,  
Fit theme for long discourse.—Thy bell has tolled !  
—But in thy place among us we behold  
One who resembles thee.

'Tis the sixth hour.

The village-clock strikes from the distant tower.

The ploughman leaves the field ; the traveller hears,  
And to the inn spurs forward. Nature wears  
Her sweetest smile ; the day-star in the west  
Yet hovering, and the thistle's down at rest.

And such, his labour done, the calm He knows,  
Whose footsteps we have followed. Round him  
glows

An atmosphere that brightens to the last ;  
The light, that shines, reflected from the Past,  
—And from the Future too ! Active in Thought  
Among old books, old friends ; and not unsought  
By the wise stranger—in his morning hours,  
When gentle airs stir the fresh-blowing flowers,

He muses, turning up the idle weed ;  
Or prunes or grafts, or in the yellow mead  
Watches his bees at hiving-time ; and now,  
The ladder resting on the orchard-bough,  
Culls the delicious fruit that hangs in air,  
The purple plum, green fig, or golden pear,  
Mid sparkling eyes, and hands uplifted there.

At night, when all, assembling round the fire,  
Closer and closer draw till they retire,  
A tale is told of India or Japan,  
Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan,  
What time wild Nature revelled unrestrained,  
And Sinbad voyaged and the Caliphs reigned ;—

Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale  
Rings in her shrouds and beats her iron-sail,  
Among the snowy Alps of Polar seas  
Immoveable—for ever there to freeze !  
Or some great Caravan, from well to well  
Winding as darkness on the desert fell,  
In their long march, such as the Prophet bids,  
To Mecca from the Land of Pyramids,  
And in an instant lost—a hollow wave  
Of burning sand their everlasting grave !—  
Now the scene shifts to Venice—to a square  
Glittering with light, all nations masking there,  
With light reflected on the tremulous tide,  
Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,

Answering the jest, the song on every side ;  
To Naples next—and at the crowded gate,  
Where Grief and Fear and wild Amazement wait,  
Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire, <sup>x</sup>  
Vesuvius blazing like a World on fire !—  
Then, at a sign that never was forgot,  
A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves it not?)  
From lute or organ ! 'Tis at parting given,  
That in their slumbers they may dream of Heaven ;  
Young voices mingling, as it floats along,  
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song !

And She inspires, whose beauty shines in all ;  
So soon to weave a daughter's coronal,

And at the nuptial rite smile through her tears;—  
So soon to hover round her full of fears,  
And with assurance sweet her soul revive  
In child-birth—when a mother's love is most alive !

No, 'tis not here that Solitude is known.  
Through the wide world he only is alone  
Who lives not for another. Come what will,  
The generous man has his companion still ;  
The cricket on his hearth ; the buzzing fly  
That skims his roof, or, be his roof the sky,  
Still with its note of gladness passes by :  
And, in an iron cage condemned to dwell,  
The cage that stands within the dungeon-cell,

He feeds his spider—happier at the worst  
Than he at large who in himself is curst !

Oh thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind<sup>y</sup>  
Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,  
Streams like the day—who, angel-like, hast shed  
Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,  
Speaking in Cato's venerable voice,  
“ Look up, and faint not—faint not, but rejoice !”  
From thy Elysium guide him. Age has now  
Stamped with its signet that ingenuous brow ;  
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,  
Trees he has climbed so oft, he sits and sees  
His children's children playing round his knees :

Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is flung,  
When side by side the archers' bows are strung;  
His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,  
Envyng no more the young their energies  
Than they an old man when his words are wise;  
His a delight how pure . . . without alloy;  
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy!

Now in their turn assisting, they repay  
The anxious cares of many and many a day;  
And now by those he loves relieved, restored,  
His very wants and weaknesses afford  
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,  
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,



While they look up ! Their questions, their replies,  
Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,  
Gladdening his spirit : and his theme the past,  
How eloquent he is ! His thoughts flow fast ;  
And while his heart (oh can the heart grow old ?  
False are the tales that in the world are told !)  
Swells in his voice, he knows not where to end ;  
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his own.  
Then, never less alone than when alone,  
Those that he loved so long and sees no more,  
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,

He gathers round him; and revives at will  
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment still—  
That come not now at dreary intervals—  
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,  
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—  
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy !  
—Ah then less willing (nor the choice condemn)  
To live with others than to think on them !

And now behold him up the hill ascending,  
Memory and Hope like evening-stars attending ;  
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,  
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.

When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,  
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed,  
Those by the World shunned ever as unblest,  
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,  
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,  
Come and stand round—the widow with her child,  
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled !  
They, who watch by him, see not ; but he sees,  
Sees and exults—Were ever dreams like these ?  
They, who watch by him, hear not ; but he hears,  
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears !

’Tis past ! That hand we grasped, alas, in vain !

Nor shall we look upon his face again !

But to his closing eyes, for all were there,  
Nothing was wanting; and, through many a year,  
We shall remember with a fond delight  
The words so precious which we heard to-night;  
His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,  
Like setting suns or music at the close!

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,  
So full of chance and change the lives of men,  
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure  
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,  
He slept in peace—say rather soared to Heaven,  
Upborne from Earth by Him to whom 'tis given.

In his right hand to hold the golden key  
That opes the portals of Eternity.  
—When by a good man's grave I muse alone,  
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone ;  
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,  
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly-bright ;  
And, with a voice inspiring joy not fear,  
Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,  
That he is risen !

But the day is spent ;  
And stars are kindling in the firmament,  
To us how silent—though like ours perchance  
Busy and full of life and circumstance ;

Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,  
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few ;  
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—  
While from her lap another Nature showers  
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,  
Think on themselves, within, without inquire ;  
At distance dwell on all that passes there,  
All that their world reveals of good and fair ;  
And, as they wander, picturing things, like me,  
Not as they are but as they ought to be,  
Trace out the Journey through their little Day,  
And fondly dream an idle hour away.

N O T E S.





## N O T E S.

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NOTE a. Page 13, line 3.

*Our pathway leads but to a precipice ;*

See BOSSUET, Sermon sur la Résurrection.

NOTE b. Page 15, line 4.

*Through the dim curtains of Futurity.*

Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady conscious-

ness, and waiting, without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation.

JOHNSON.

NOTE c. Page 17, line 11.

*like the stone*

*That sheds awhile a lustre all its own.*

See ‘ Observations on a diamond that shines in the dark.’

BOYLE’S Works, I. 789.

NOTE d. Page 19, line 1.

*Schooled and trained up to Wisdom from his birth ;*

Cicero, in his Essay *De Senectute*, has drawn his images from the better walks of life ; and Shakspeare, in his Seven Ages, has done so too. But Shakspeare treats his subject satirically ; Cicero as a Philosopher. In the venerable portrait of Cato we discover no traces of “ the lean and slippered Pantaloon.”

Every object has a bright and a dark side ; and I have endeavoured to look at things as Cicero has done. By some however I may be thought to have followed too much my own dream of happiness ; and in such a dream indeed I have often passed a solitary hour. It was Castle-building once ; now it is no longer so. But whoever would try to realize it, would not perhaps repent of his endeavour.

NOTE e. Page 22, line 13.

*“ These are MY Jewels ! ”*

The anecdote, here alluded to, is related by Valerius Maximus, Lib. iv. c. 4.

NOTE f. Page 23, line 2.

*“ Suffer these little ones to come to me ! ”*

In our early Youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and

action. But when we enter the world and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best.

How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children ! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms ; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

NOTE g. Page 24, line 3.

*Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate,*

Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the Household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were hunting in the Park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some Gen-

lemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me; “ I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato.” ROGER ASCHAM:

NOTE h. Page 24, line 8.

*Then is the Age of Admiration—*

Dante in his old age was pointed out to Petrarch when a boy; and Dryden to Pope.

Who does not wish that Dante and Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid them, and foreseen the greatness of their young admirers?

NOTE i. Page 25, line 15.

*Scenes such as Milton sought, but sought in vain :*

He had arrived at Naples; and was preparing

to visit Sicily and Greece, when, hearing of the troubles in England, he thought it proper to hasten home.

NOTE k. Page 26, line 1.

*And Milton's self*

I began thus far to assent . . . to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.

MILTON.

NOTE l. Page 29, line 1.

——'twas at *matin-time*

Love and devotion are said to be nearly allied. Boccaccio fell in love at Naples in the church of St. Lorenzo; as Petrarch had done at Avignon in the church of St. Clair.

NOTE m. Page 30, line 13.

*Lovely before, oh say how lovely now !*

Is it not true, that the Young not only appear to be, but really are most beautiful in the presence of those they love ? It calls forth all their beauty.

NOTE n. Page 42, line 1.

*He goes, and Night comes as it never came !*

These circumstances, as well as some others that follow, are happily, as far as they regard England, of an antient date. To us the miseries inflicted by a foreign invader are now known only by description. Many generations have passed away since our countrywomen saw the smoke of an enemy's camp.

But the same passions are always at work every where, and their effects are always nearly the same ; though the circumstances that attend them are infinitely various.

NOTE o. Page 46, line 3.

*That house with many a funeral-garland hung*

A custom in some of our Country-churches.

NOTE p. Page 48, line 7.

*Like Hampden struggling in his Country's cause,*

Zeuxis is said to have drawn his Helen from an assemblage of the most beautiful women ; and many a Writer of Fiction, in forming a life to his mind, has recourse to the brightest moments in the lives of others.

I may be suspected of having done so here, and of having designed, as it were, from living models ; but, by making an allusion now and then to those who have really lived, I thought I should give something of interest to the picture, as well as better illustrate my meaning.



NOTE q. Page 48, line 13.

*On through that gate misnamed,*

Traitor's gate; the water-gate in the Tower of London.

NOTE r. Page 49, line 2.

*Then to the place of trial;*

This very slight sketch of Civil Dissension is taken from our own annals; but, for an obvious reason, not from those of our own Age.

The persons here immediately alluded to lived more than a hundred years ago in a reign which Blackstone has justly represented as wicked, sanguinary, and turbulent; but such times have always afforded the most signal instances of heroic courage and ardent affection.

Great reverses, like theirs, lay open the human heart. They occur indeed but seldom; yet all

men are liable to them ; all, when they occur to others, make them more or less their own ; and, were we to describe our condition to an inhabitant of some other planet, could we omit what forms so striking a circumstance in human life ?

NOTE s. Page 49, line 2.

*and alone,*

In the reign of William the Third, the law was altered. A prisoner, prosecuted for high treason, may now make his full defence by counsel.

NOTE t. Page 49, line 7.

*Like that sweet Saint who sate by Russel's side  
Under the Judgment-seat.*

*Lord Russel.* May I have somebody write to help  
my memory ?

*Mr. Attorney General.* Yes, a Servant.

*Lord Chief Justice.* Any of your Servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please for you.

*Lord Russel.* My Wife is here, my Lord, to do it.

STATE TRIALS, II.

NOTE u. Page 51, line 9.

*Her glory now, as ever her delight!*

Epaminondas, after his victory at Leuctra, rejoiced most of all at the pleasure which it would give his father and mother; and who would not have envied them their feelings?

Cornelia was called at Rome the mother-in-law of Scipio. "When," said she to her sons, "shall I be called the mother of the Gracchi?"

NOTE x. Page 57, line 3.

*Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire,*


An act of filial piety represented on the coins of Catana, a Greek city, some remains of which are

still to be seen at the foot of mount Ætna. The story is told of two brothers, who in this manner saved both their parents. The place from which they escaped was long called the field of the pious ; and public games were annually held there to commemorate the Event.

NOTE y. Page 59, line 3.

*Oh thou, all-eloquent, whose mighty mind*

Cicero. It is remarkable that, among the comforts of Old Age, he has not mentioned those arising from the society of women and children. Perhaps the husband of Terentia and ‘ the father of Marcus felt something on the subject, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection.’



BEFORE I conclude, I would say something in favour of the old-fashioned triplet, which I have here ventured to use so often. Dryden seems to have delighted in it, and in many of his most admired poems has used it much oftener than I have done, as for instance in the *Hind and Panther*,\* and in *Theodore and Honoria*, where he introduces it three, four, and even five times in succession.

If I have erred any where in the structure of my verse from a desire to follow yet earlier and higher examples, I rely on the forgiveness of those *in whose ear the music of our old versification is still sounding.*

\* Pope used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.—JOHNSON.



L I N E S

WRITTEN AT PÆSTUM

MARCH 4, 1815.





## LINES WRITTEN AT PÆSTUM.

---

THEY stand between the mountains and the sea ;

Awful memorials, but of whom we know not !\*

The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.

The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,

\* The temples of Pæstum are three in number ; and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them ; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

Points to the work of magic and moves on.  
Time was they stood along the crowded street,  
Temples of Gods ! and on their ample steps  
What various habits, various tongues beset  
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice !  
Time was perhaps the third was sought for Justice ;  
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused ;  
And here the judges sate, and heard, and judged.  
All silent now !—as in the ages past,  
Trodden under foot and mingled, dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round  
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,  
While, by some spell rendered invisible,

Or, if approached, approached by him alone  
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained  
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,  
Waiting the appointed time ! All, all within  
Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,  
And taken to herself what man renounced ;  
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,  
But with thick ivy hung or branching fern,  
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure !

From my youth upward have I longed to tread  
This classic ground—And am I here at last ?  
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,  
And catching, as through some majestic grove,

Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,  
Mountains and mountain-gulphs, and, half-way up,  
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?  
A cloudy region, black and desolate,  
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.\*

The air is sweet with violets, running wild †  
Mid broken sculptures and fallen capitals;  
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts, ‡  
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost,

\* Spartacus. See Plutarch in the Life of Crassus.

† The violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.

‡ The introduction to his treatise on Glory. Cic. ad Att. xvi. 6. For an account of the loss of that treatise, see Petrarch, Epist. Rer. Senilium. xv. 1. and Bayle, Dict. in Alecyonius.

Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,  
Who ever cam'st to calm his troubled soul,  
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,  
For Athens ; when a ship, if north-east winds  
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.

On as he moved along the level shore,  
These temples, in their splendour eminent  
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,  
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,  
Well might he dream of Glory !—Now, coiled up,  
The serpent sleeps within them ; the she-wolf  
Suckles her young ; and, as alone I stand

In this, the nobler pile, the elements  
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,  
How solemn is the stillness ! Nothing stirs  
Save the shrill-voiced cigala flitting round  
On the rough pediment to sit and sing ;  
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,  
And up the fluted shaft with short quick motion,  
To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.

In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk  
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light  
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,  
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,  
Across the innumerable columns flung)

In such an hour he came, who saw and told,  
Led by the mighty Genius of the Place.\*

Walls of some capital city first appeared,  
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn ;  
—And what within them ? what but in the midst  
These Three in more than their original grandeur,  
And, round about, no stone upon another ?  
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,  
And, turning, left them to the elements.

'Tis said a stranger in the days of old  
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite ;

\* They are said to have been discovered by accident  
about the middle of the last century.

But distant things are ever lost in clouds)  
'Tis said a stranger came, and, with his plough,  
Traced out the site ; and Posidonia rose,\*  
Severely great, Neptune the tutelar God ;  
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,  
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.  
Then came another, an unbidden guest.  
He knocked and entered with a train in arms ;  
And all was changed, her very name and language !  
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door  
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,

\* Originally a Greek city under that name, and afterwards a Roman city under the name of Pæstum. See Mitford's Hist. of Greece, chap. x. sect. 2. It was surprised and destroyed by the Saracens at the beginning of the tenth century.



Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried, "For Pæstum!"  
And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung  
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses; while, within,  
Parents and children mourned—and, every year,  
(Twas on the day of some old festival)  
Met to give way to tears, and, once again,  
Talk in the antient tongue of things gone by.\*  
At length an Arab climbed the battlements,  
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night;  
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled!  
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,  
Where whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe †  
Strikes at unseen—and at a time when joy

\* Athenæus, xiv.

† The Mal'aria.

Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,  
And the clear air is soft and delicate ;  
For then the demon works—then with that air  
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison  
Lulling to sleep ; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

But what are These still standing in the midst?  
'The Earth has rocked beneath ; the Thunder-stone  
Passed thro' and thro', and left its traces there ;  
Yet still they stand as by some Unknown Charter !  
Oh, they are Nature's own ! and, as allied  
To the vast Mountains and the eternal Sea,  
'They want no written history ; theirs a voice  
For ever speaking to the heart of man !

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

In the twelfth century William Fitz-Duncan laid waste the vallies of Craven with fire and sword ; and was afterwards established there by his uncle, David King of Scotland.

He was the last of the race ; his son, commonly called the Boy of Egremond, dying before him in the manner here related ; when a Priory was removed from Embsay to Bolton, that it might be as near as possible to the place where the accident happened. That place is still known by the name of the *Strid* ; and the mother's answer, as given in the first stanza, is to this day often repeated in Wharfedale.

See WHITAKER's Hist. of Craven.

## THE BOY OF EGREMOND.



“ SAY what remains when Hope is fled.”

She answered, “ Endless weeping !”

For in the herds-man’s eye she read

Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,

The stag was roused on Barden-fell ;

The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,

And down the Wharfe a hern was flying ;

When near the cabin in the wood,  
In tartan clad and forest-green,  
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,  
The Boy of Egremond was seen.  
Blithe was his song, a song of yore,  
But where the rock is rent in two,  
And the river rushes through,  
His voice was heard no more !  
Twas but a step ! the gulph he passed ;  
But that step—it was his last !  
As through the mist he winged his way,  
(A cloud that hovers night and day,)  
The hound hung back, and back he drew  
The Master and his merlin too.

That narrow place of noise and strife  
Received their little all of Life!

There now the matin-bell is rung ;  
The “ Miserere ! ” duly sung ;  
And holy men in cowl and hood  
Are wandering up and down the wood.  
But what avail they? Ruthless Lord,  
Thou didst not shudder when the sword  
Here on the young its fury spent,  
The helpless and the innocent.  
Sit now and answer groan for groan.  
The child before thee is thy own.

And she who wildly wanders there,  
The mother in her long despair,  
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,  
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping ;  
Of those who would not be consoled  
When red with blood the river rolled.

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March 4<sup>th</sup> 1871

A POEM.







Hilton del.

Hopwood sc.

*See the fond Mother still and still admire  
Her Babe, in arms expert that never tire.*

P. 35.

# W O M A N,

A POEM,

BY

EATON STANNARD BARRETT, Esq.

. AUTHOR OF THE HEROINE.

---

Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee.  
Love her, and she shall keep thee.  
Exalt her, and she shall promote thee.

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O C C A S I O N A L P O E M S.

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## P R E F A C E.

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NOT at the 'request of friends,' but contrary to their opinion, I published, some years since, a work under the same title, and upon the same subject as the present. It met with no success; the critics abused it, and I

thought myself ‘ a man more sinned  
‘ against than sinning.’ But when,  
after a considerable interval, I hap-  
pened to look over it again, I felt  
fully conscious that its reception had  
not been undeserved. I found it  
obscure, affected, and replete with  
all those errors which arise from an  
unformed and ambitious style. This  
was a woful discovery for one who  
had bestowed unsparing pains on his  
favorite performance, and who could



no longer console himself with the hope, that posterity would vindicate his cause.

But at least the discovery contained a moral. It shewed that we should listen with deference to those critics, whose judgment differs from our own; since even our own, in process of time, may differ from itself.

Provoked at my bad success, stimulated by the peculiar happiness of the subject, and hoping that I might afterwards avoid such faults as I had already detected, I determined to rewrite the poem.

In accomplishing this task, I have found so much omission, alteration, and new matter necessary, that the work, as it now stands, may fairly be considered original.

At the same time, several of the sentiments are not unknown to the reader. An ethical essay on so familiar a subject as Woman, required, for the completion of the plan, many fundamental maxims and particular observations, which had already been generally promulged and established.

A few lines are likewise borrowed from poems which I had written on ephemeral occasions. In this auto-

plagiarism, I can quote a Virgil and a Byron for authority. The former, in his Georgics, has copied many lines out of his Eclogues ; and the latter, in the Childe Harold, has versified a whole note from the Bride of Abydos.

It is somewhat singular, that the Fair Sex, who have already occasioned so many dissertations in English prose, should never yet have found a profest champion in the more congenial field

of English Poetry. No subject affords a finer scope to the didactic and descriptive muse—sentiment, pathos, rural and domestic scenery, every tender passion and every gentle virtue. Perhaps an author might find even its excellence a disadvantage ; since this would naturally raise expectations in the reader, which few pens could fulfil.

I shall not, with anticipating stoicism, affect indifference about a se-

cond failure. I will even own, that only just to surpass my first attempt, would afford me little consolation ; since none can entertain a more despicable opinion of it, than I do.

But whether the present production be exempt even from the faults of its predecessor ; whether it have not other blemishes just as fatal, and in fine, whether it deserve public notice at all, I feel intimately, by past experience,

the presumption of forming a judgment myself. Indeed, I had made so false an estimate before, that I am almost afraid to hope any thing now ; and I can conscientiously declare, that my chief feelings on the subject, are doubt and apprehension.





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W O M A N.



PART I.



## CONTENTS OF PART I.

ELEGIAC tribute to the Princess CHARLOTTE.... Woman has acquired rank and respect, in proportion to the progress of refinement and piety.... The Libertine, the Clown, the Pedant, the Witling and the Deist still despise her.... The pursuits and characteristics of each sex contradistinguished .... The discrepancy between both beneficial.... Women excel us, 1st. in Devotion; 2d. in Chastity; 3d. in Modesty; 4th. in Charity; 5th. in Good Faith; 6th. in Forgiveness; 7th. in Parental affection.... Episode of a mother and her child.... Women have often excelled as sovereigns; they rule the destinies of empires, by presiding over national morality.

April 10, 1900

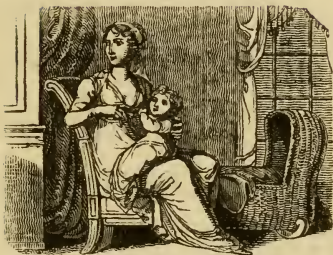


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the book  
"The History of  
the State of  
California"  
by H. H. Henshaw  
and  
J. W. Henshaw  
and  
J. W. Henshaw  
and  
J. W. Henshaw

# W O M A N.

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## PART I.



O UNFOREWARNED events of humankind !  
Hopes still presumptuous, projects ever blind !  
I, who with wild and dreadless rapture fraught,  
This votive page had just for CHARLOTTE wrought ;  
Had wrought, prospective of the happy doom,  
That her blue glances might the leaf illumine ;

That lips, whose breath an empire would obey,  
Pleased might submit their movement to my lay ;—  
I, who was sketching ardent, even but now,  
Young Contemplation throned upon her brow ;  
Grace, Wisdom, Truth, a genius unexcelled,  
A crown in prospect, hearts already held ;—  
Who paused to call her mother, to compare  
Poetic vigil with maternal care ;  
Touch the new passion, and her soul incline,  
As heaven her offspring saved, to foster mine—  
I, disenfranchised, must all expunge, and rue  
How treachrous Death has made my verse untrue.  
Even while I sang, cold lay th'imperial bust,  
Those azure rays extinct, that forehead dust ;



Dark and unsphered that intellectual sky,  
And that new passion wakened but to die.  
Yet shall not Death the total page disprove ;  
No, still one conscious truth remains—our love !

Beyond the sun, O REGENT, distant far  
Above, as thou beneath the utmost star ;  
Orbed in a glory, that resplendent plays  
Thro' her flowered tresses, coronets of rays,  
Thy daughter sits enthroned ; and leaning down,  
Smiles at that golden woe, an earthly crown.  
To her, pomp, conquest, all which kings acquire,  
But garland worms, emblazon breathing mire ;  
And more she mourns, (as Seraphs suffer cares,)  
The sceptred torment that her father heirs,

Than he the darling child for ever flown,  
And the lost transmit of his lineal throne.

Unprofitable praises ! frustrate tears !  
Deaf is the grave ; go, flatter conscious ears.  
And shall this leaf, forgetful of the dead,  
Invoke the living ? Perish, Verse, instead !  
No, tho' an empress, proud of such renown,  
Should grave the song on her immortal crown

---

In early days, ere nations were refined,  
Imperious man degraded Womankind ;  
But raised her by degrees, as social good,  
And moral law were better understood.

Till, when the holy son of Woman came,  
And Eve's offence was lost in Mary's fame,  
Man, virtuous and devout beyond the past,  
Restored his helpmate to her sphere at last ;  
And shunning either indiscreet extreme,  
Now leaves her not opprest and not supreme.

Yet even our own enlightened time retains  
Some partial tincture of the former stains.  
Pale Libertines, whom wanton arts allure,  
Still by the vicious female judge the pure.  
Companion of his groom, the Clown confounds  
Subservient Woman with his horse and hounds ;  
And Pedants, who from books, not nature, draw,  
Try and attain her by scholastic law.

Wits, for an epigram, her fame undo,  
And those who God blaspheme, mock Woman too.

All such conclude her of inferior clay,  
Because she wants some merits men display.  
As well they may condemn the chilly moon,  
Because her crescent cannot glow, like noon.  
For if that orb, whose affluent dew bestows  
Balm on the glebe, another sun arose,  
This flowery ball would wither, stagnant gales  
Engender death, and midnight scorch the vales.  
Even thus, if Woman public glories sought,  
Spread the tempestuous sail, harangued and fought,  
That inroad loveless rivalries would breed,  
And sexual war to national succeed ;

While other Amazons would dwell alone,  
And gird the single breast with iron zone.

No, heaven a contrast not unmeet, designed  
Between the bearded and the blushing kind.  
Man, from those moments, when his infant age  
Cried for the moon, ambitious aims engage.  
One world subdued, more worlds he wishes given,  
He piles his impious tower to clamber heaven ;  
Scoops cities under earth, erects his home,  
On mountains of wild surges, vales of foam ;  
Soars air, and high above the thunder runs,  
Now flaked with sleet, now reddened under suns.  
Even in his pastime man his soul reveals ;  
Raised with carousing shout, his goblet reels.

Now from his chase imperial lions fly,  
And now he stakes a principedom on a die.  
What would he more? The consecrated game  
Of murder, must transmit his epic name.  
Some empire tempts him ; at his stern command,  
An armed cloud hails iron o'er the land.  
Earth thunders underneath the pondrous tread,  
Son slaughters sire, the dying stab the dead.  
The vallies roar, that loved a warbling mood,  
Their mutilated lilies float on blood ;  
And corpses sicken streams, and towns expire,  
And colour the nocturnal clouds with fire.  
Last, vultures pounce upon the finished strife,  
And dabble in the plash of human life.

Man covets Freedom ; yes, with wolfish ken,  
The lawless freedom of the howling den.  
Man covets Peace too ; yes, the stilly void,  
The dire repose when all things are destroyed ;  
The peace that worlds in desolation wear,  
The calm of death, the silence of despair.

But the meek female far from war removes,  
Girt with the Graces and endearing Loves.  
To rear the life we destine to destroy,  
To bind the wound we plant, is her employ.  
Her rapine is to press from healing bud,  
Or healthful herb, the vegetable blood ;  
Her answer, at the martial blast abhorred,  
Harmonic noise along the warbling chord.

To her belong light roundelay and reel,  
To her the crackling hearth and humming wheel ;  
(Sounds of content !) to her the milky kine,  
And Peace, O Woman, gentle Peace is thine.

Hence in each sex, for each peculiar sphere,  
Adapted attributes of mind inhere.

Prone o'er abstruse research, let man expound  
Dark causes ; what abyss our planet drowned ;  
And where the fiery star its hundred years  
Of absence travels, ere it re-appears.

To Woman, whose best books are human hearts,  
Wise heaven a genius less profound imparts.

His awful, her's is lovely ; his should tell  
How thunderbolts, and her's how roses fell.



Her rapid mind decides while his debates,

She feels a truth that he but calculates.

He provident, averts approaching ill,

She snatches present good with timely skill.

That active perseverance his, which gains,

And her's that passive patience which sustains.

Winds shatter oaks while osiers wave secure,

Seas waste the rock while yielding sands endure ;

And gentle Woman, to her fate resigned,

Prevails o'er woes that vanquish stern mankind.

But even their forms imply their diverse ends,

And her's to grace and his to grandeur tends.

Their very virtues have a sexual line,

And his abroad and her's at home incline.

His, like a sounding river, good diffuse,  
While her's are noiseless as the genial dews.

Yes, 'tis this contrast of pursuits and minds,  
Attracts, endears, and social order binds.  
For what one wants since other can bestow,  
Kind treaties from that blest dependence flow.  
Hill cannot hill, nor valley valley serve,  
But each aids each, because their natures swerve.  
Hence to his valiant arm her terrors fly,  
Hence to her nursing hand his wounds apply.  
If she, then, all his attributes enjoyed,  
Ten thousand of her own were thus destroyed.

But dost thou doubt the blooming race assigned  
More goodness and less guilt than pale mankind?

Go, in base cell, in pious temple look :

We have the fetter, they the sacred book.

What blesses hearths, what tempers social life ?

The chaste reserve of virgin and of wife.

Let Woman, like her sensual master, roam,

Farewell all kindred bonds, all joys of home.

To guard that Virtue, to supply the place

Of courage, wanting in her gentle race,

Lo, Modesty was given ; mysterious spell,

Whose blush can shame, whose panic can repel.

Strong by the very weakness it betrays,

It sheds a mist before our fiery gaze.

The panting apprehension, quick to feel,

The shrinking grace that fain would grace conceal ;

The beautiful rebuke that looks surprise,  
The gentle vengeance of averted eyes ;  
These are its arms, and these supreme prevail.  
Love pauses, Vice retracts his glozing tale.

Ask the grey pilgrim, by the surges cast  
On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast,  
Ask who revived him ? who the hearth began  
To kindle ? who with spilling goblet ran ?  
O he will dart one spark of youthful flame,  
And clasp his withered hands, and Woman name !

Not she denied her God with recreant tongue,  
Not she with traitrous kisses round him clung ;  
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,  
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.

Whelm her with wrongs, your plighted vow repeal,  
Asperse her, spurn her ; then repent and kneel—  
This expiates error, this her pity moves ;  
For pardon is the vengeance Woman loves.

See the fond mother still and still admire  
Her babe, in arms expert that never tire ;  
And chirping for its upward kiss, delay,  
With a sweet dotage, o'er the balmy play.  
Then stories of its wondrous promise tell,  
Interpret signs which she alone can spell :  
Or point some charm remarked by her alone—  
The father's eye, the dimple like her own ;  
While its small hand into her bosom steals,  
And that remembered blessing half reveals.

Praise not herself; 'tis ineffectual art :

Admire her Cherub and you win her heart.

Hung round with climbing prattlers, she disowns

Superior pomp, nor envies man his thrones ;

Assiduous still to teach her infant race,

From their first lesson, the maternal face ;

Till lips at coming kisses learn to close,

And either palm the clap of welcome knows ;

Till the pruned ringlet turns less sunny fair,

The tongue attempts and little feet go bare.

Let maids th' incomparable passion boast,

But mothers, sure, of all who love, love most.

Even she that shrinks at insects, would contend

With famished wolves, her children to defend :

For them whole marshalled horrors would defy,  
Endure, repel, encounter, conquer, die!

When the great earthquake pondrous rocks uptore,  
And heaved new hills where meadows spread before ;  
In huge abysses when whole towns were lost,  
And forests upon earthen billows tost ;  
A lonely mother, as she gave her boy  
The fountain panting with maternal joy,  
Felt sudden the portentous shock. Dismayed,  
She clasped her child, and instant flight essayed.  
But heaping ruins round her interpose,  
Exclude the light and every outlet close ;  
Nor comes that aid her buried voice demands,  
And the fallen pile derides her toiling hands.

All night she watches, and in fancy hears  
Sounds of advancing axes at her ears.

Another and another night she mourns ;  
Another and another shock returns.

Worse ills succeed ; the breast with famine dry,  
The lips still baffled there, the starving cry.

What wilt thou now, poor mother ? Ah, what art  
Can save thy wretched child about to part ?

Each moment, at a gleaming chink, she tries  
To search its features, whether yet it dies.

Now shrieks ‘ Help, help !’ still, fainter by degrees,  
‘ Help, help !’ and calls her spouse beyond the seas.

Now with impetuous palm the door assails,  
Now grinds the scrambled wall with bleeding nails.



Then seeks her infant at its piteous noise,  
And forces mirth and in distraction toys;  
And powerless, sports it on her striving knee,  
And lamentably sobs out notes of glee.  
Vain efforts! Sad it lies and unconsolated:  
She feels its heart, 'tis turning icy cold.  
' Ah, sweet, ah, cruel! breathe, in pity move;  
' Here, here is milk—awake, my precious love!'  
That moment, the convulsed and reeling walls  
Split to their base; abrupt a fragment falls.  
The sun darts inward with his glorious ray,  
The verdant fields appear—away, away!  
Swift thro' the chasm she rushes, soon restores  
Her starving infant, and her God adores.

O Woman, whose great Author bade the worst  
Of all things earthly, be created first ;  
O Woman, last and best of all create,  
Not formed from dust, as thy presumptuous mate ;  
But born beside his heart, thou toilest still,  
To soothe thy birthplace and preserve from ill.  
Still by thy birthplace whether loved or spurned,  
Still to thy moody birthplace art thou turned.  
The stream that hastes where'er its ocean dwells,  
The wave that presses tho' the rock repels.  
Mistrustful of each other, men, in thee,  
A friend who never proves a rival, see.  
The maimed, the wrinkled, the decayed, the blind,  
All, save the blooming lover, own thee kind.

And as blest rainbows the meridian shun,  
But grace the rising and departing sun ;  
So at our prime, thy courtship disappears,  
So tends our earliest age and latest years.

Yet deeds still loftier might adorn my tome :—

How Woman oft forsook small-sceptred home ;  
Held realms, and prompt in enterprise to dare,  
Bruised with the plummy steel her armed hair ;  
Or peaceful, ministered the state so well,  
That laws seemed made to counsel, not compel.  
Fair hands enhance free sceptres. Iron crowns  
Sit best on bearded heads and kingly frowns.  
Such govern states who social duties guide :  
Hence Women with the hearth the throne decide ;

And hence, to their blest influence, England owes  
Each Virtue that preserves her safe from foes ;  
Faith, Honor, Sanctitude, Content sincere,  
And homefelt Love that renders Country dear.  
Hence, when the Corsic foe whole worlds enchained,  
Triumphant warfare single she maintained ;  
Stood unappalled and awful to the last,  
While all the crouching nations shrank aghast.  
Not more composed, (when whirlwinds howl along,  
And cowering birds within the forest throng,)  
The royal Eagle from his craggy throne,  
Mounts on the storm, majestic and alone ;  
And steers his plumes athwart the dark profound,  
While roaring thunders replicate around !

# W O M A N.

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## PART II.



## CONTENTS OF PART II.

BESIDE those qualities already enumerated, Women possess various arts and attractions which add to their ascendancy. 1st. Gentleness of look, tone, and deportment; 2d. Grace; 3d. Urbanity; 4th. Conversational powers; 5th. Beauty.... Moral influence of Beauty.... A lovely girl described.... Seduction how detestable.... Episode of Caroline.

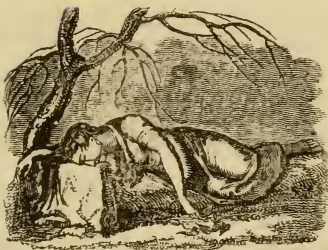




# W O M A N.

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## PART II.



'TIS by those lovely Virtues Woman sways :  
Man knows them precious, and discreet repays.  
But other charms, which man must disavow,  
Confirm her influence. These I number now.  
With amiable defects of nature born,  
Wants that endear and foibles that adorn,

She by reserve and awful meekness reigns ;

Her sighs are edicts, her caresses chains.

Why has she tones with speaking music strung ?

Eyes eloquent beyond the mortal tongue ?

And looks that vanquish, till, on nerveless knee,

Men gaze, and grow with gazing, weak as she ?

'Tis to command these arts against our arms,

And tame imperious might with winning charms.

Tears and ye blushes ! by what organs wrought,

Ye go your journies, little recks my thought.

But to soft Womankind, I feel, ye bring

More aid than bannered armies to their king.

Shew me the man whose ire is unallayed,

While low before him weeps a suppliant maid,

And I will shew you, underneath the stream,  
The thunder burning with unblunted gleam.

But can all earth excel that crimson grace,  
When her heart sends its herald to her face?  
Sends from its ark its own unblemished dove  
A messenger of truth, and joy, and love  
Her blush can man to modest passion fire,  
Her blush can awe his arrogant desire.  
Her blush can welcome lovers or can warn,  
As ruddy skies announce both night and morn.

Nor pass unsung those subtle troops, who wield  
Light weapons, yet not harmless in the field.  
Grace, with her flying outline ever new:  
The kind address that seems selecting you.

Th' adapted look that hangs on all you tell,  
The science not unwise, to trifle well.

Sweet Wildness, Pride that wins while it alarms,  
And Folly that beguiles, and Whim that charms.

Well too she knows soft converse to sustain,  
To mix the blithe and monitory strain ;  
The sally no grave maxim can withstand,  
The praise of a pretended reprimand ;—  
To touch with sentiment, with wit amuse,  
In happy contrast ; like those meeting hues,  
When, at the distant sunset, we behold  
Earth end in sapphire, air begin in gold.

Would Woman govern tyrants ? she concedes  
In slight concerns, and hence in weighty, leads.

Opposes first, to make surrender prized,  
And while she gives advice, appears advised.  
She rallies men, not flatters, when they rave,  
And comes a laughing suppliant, not a grave.

Thus too, her Beauty to her empire tends,  
And heaven that Beauty gave for moral ends ;  
Since, tho' itself no virtue, it can aid  
The cause of virtue to the pleading maid ;  
While Wisdom by the pretty lip exprest,  
Delights us most, and so persuades us best.  
Even from these outward charms, our souls acquire  
Responsive graces, and to please aspire ;  
For some high purpose feel such beauties given,  
And turn (O small remove ! ) from them to heaven.

Fresh, and till now unseeing and unseen,  
How blithe the nymph of innocent fifteen.  
Her form but just unfolded, not a wile  
Yet practised, heartfelt every native smile.  
How shine her lips, unbruised by man's embrace!  
What visions of sweet blushes haunt her face!  
How her new bosom heaves without a sigh!  
How the moist sparkle dances in her eye!  
And light she trips, and with Arcadian air,  
Shakes from her forehead her unshackled hair;  
And flusht at praises whispered in her ears,  
To her the world a paradise appears.  
O unsuspecting youth! O heedless joy!  
O wild illusions, yet too short to cloy!

Why must time come, when Discontent shall lay  
Its heavy finger on a heart so gay ?

When from the withered cheek the roses fall,  
And sunny eyes are overclouded all ;

When age succeeds, with love no more beguiled,  
The lordly husband, the rebellious child ;

And slow disease without one hope to save,

Last, death unmourned, and some forgotten grave.

Snatch then, engaging girl, while yet you can,

Your term of frolic from mistrusted man.

Soon whitest clouds, and edged with earliest ray

Of florid morn, scowl down and blacken day !

But add three summers, how those charms allure,

So panting ripe, so maidenly demure.

Fair shines her bust ; the forehead raised serene,  
The lips, with just a breathing line between ;  
The neck, in posture as of audience, placed,  
The parted marble and indented waist ;  
Whence swell the gradual limbs, as they descend  
Luxuriant, and in taper sculpture end.

But touch this statue into starting life,  
Blend colours there that make harmonious strife ;  
Let Nature with bright pencil, flying down,  
Paint her cheek crimson and her tresses brown ;  
Or give narcissine curls, and in her face  
Mix lilies with a more empurpled grace ;  
Or adding ebon ringlets, on her glow  
The tempered spirit of the olive throw :—



Yet still, howe'er she varies, whether viewed  
Or in the dimpling or the musing mood ;  
By sun or crescent, at the mazy dance,  
Or motionless in monumental trance ;  
Or running over plains, as, shot from skies,  
A gleam of radiance over ocean flies ;  
Still all is lovely. This embellished earth,  
When leaf and flowret spring to vernal birth ;  
Dale, water, wood, the mountain and the spire,  
When Morning paints them with her dewy fire ;  
The gliding sail, by moonlight seen afar,  
The ruddy beacon and the paler star ;  
These pall if long beheld. But unallayed,  
The sight still pauses on a beauteous maid.

Each glance affirms her lovelier than before,

Each gazing moment asks a moment more.

Yet then must intellectual graces move

The play of features, ere we quite approve.

Yet must chaste Honor, ere those graces win,

Light up the blooming image from within !

To mar that gem, prized only while ungained,

Destroyed, the baffling moment 'tis obtained,

Man comes, a gilded snake ; ensnares with wiles,

Suborns his tears and meditates his smiles.

With cities sated, hamlets he must roam,

To lure the rural nymph from modest home.

What has she done, that miscreants should betray ?

Not her's the midnight dance, the rich array ;

The dream that frowns upon a rival viewed,

The golden feast with spicy fires imbued.

Her pastime is the dance at setting sun,

Her grandeur is the flaxen robe she spun.

By her own hands her milky draught is prest,

By her own frugal hands her herbs are drest.

Her smiling dream repeats the hymn she prayed.

How has she harmed, the poor unhappy maid?

In vain the miscreant, to beguile her moans,

Buys splendor, lights her locks with radiant stones:

Tho' quarried Ind on tissued Persia glares,

Cold underneath the pomp, her heart despairs.

Ye thoughtless band, the gay career who run,

Come, learn the sorrows of a maid undone.

Even Vice may haply lean a virtuous ear,  
And selfish Misery mingle half his tear.

Beneath a thatch, where eglantine embowered  
The leafy porch, and honeysuckle flowered,  
An humble widow lived, whose grey decline  
Clung on one hope, her lovely Caroline.  
The damsel, wooed by many a peasant round,  
Was free as some green islet yet unfound.  
A wheaten hat her tresses then controlled,  
Her pastoral russet was unstained with gold.  
Her airy step appeared to tread the sky,  
And joy and frolic sparkled in her eye.

But fatal hour, when she, by swains unmoved,  
Beheld the master of the vale, and loved.

Long had he tempted her reserve in vain ;  
Till one ambrosial eve that sunned the plain,  
Just on the margin, where a fitting brook  
White bellbines and the thymy herbage shook ;  
Where a thick arbour rustled overhead,  
And flowery brakes a rain of roses shed,  
He found the sleeping nymph. Prophane he pressed  
Her lip, till that false moment ne'er carest.  
She starts alarmed, and as a wounded doe  
Pours out its purple life upon the snow,  
So her cheek blushes, while her humble eyes  
Fear from a harebell underfoot to rise ;  
And her hand makes sweet pretext to repair,  
The discomposed meanders of her hair.

Need I the fiend unmask ? Enough to tell,  
His treason triumphed, she believed and fell.

Blind, frantic girl ! And now from home decoyed,  
She dwells with him, mid pleasures unenjoyed ;  
Till hasty tidings at her door impart,  
Dead is her mother of a broken heart.

Her curdled surface shudders as she hears,  
Back she reels dizzily with tingling ears ;  
And wild against her forehead throbs her brain,  
And voiceless, she would utter shrieks in vain.

Upspringing quick, ‘ At least, at least,’ she cries,  
‘ I may still hover where the victim lies ;  
‘ There unconsolated, unfriended, pine away,  
‘ Then sleep in peace beside her hallowed clay !’

Now the despairing wretch, without repose,  
From morn till eve her journey homeward goes ;  
When, as her steps a cliff familiar scale,  
Bursts on her filling eyes her native vale.  
She pants, expands her arms, ‘ Ah, happy scene,’  
Exclaiming, ‘ Ah, sweet valley, lovely green,  
‘ Still ye remain the same ; your woodlands still,  
‘ All your white cottages, the distant mill ;  
‘ Its osiered brook that prattles thro’ the glade,  
‘ The pleasant meadow where we danced and played ;  
‘ All are unaltered : I alone appear,  
‘ Deformed from happier times, and hateful here !’  
Now westward rocks a dusky glitter make,  
And lengthened shadows shadows overtake.

A parting carol larks and throstles sing,  
Brown hands aside the heated sickle fling.  
Now winnowing girls, with chaffy fragments strewn,  
The kerchief change and tighten aprons soon;  
Then, scattered by their chasing lovers, run,  
In merry tumult to the pipe begun.  
And now while sports o'erspread the ringing green,  
A form of wildered aspect, sudden seen,  
Stands in the midst. All pausing, gather round,  
And silent gaze. The tabors cease to sound.

‘ Yes, ye may well,’ the sobbing figure cries,  
‘ Well may ye frown with those repulsive eyes.  
‘ Yet pity one, less vicious than deceived,  
‘ Who vows of marriage, ere she fell, believed.



- ‘ Without a parent, friend, or virtuous home,
- ‘ Protect me, leave me not forlorn to roam.
- ‘ No plaintive suppliant for your bread am I ;
- ‘ Oh ! let me only near my mother die !
- ‘ Not now those wonted smiles ye fondly gave,
- ‘ Not now from lovers sweet discourse I crave ;
- ‘ Not now to lead your rural games along,
- ‘ Queen of the dance and despot of the song ;—
- ‘ One shed is all, oh, just one wretched shed,
- ‘ To lay my weary limbs and aching head.
- ‘ Even this deny, so still your awful frowns,
- ‘ Drive me not hence to seek abandoned towns ;
- ‘ So still ye grant me, houseless and forlorn,
- ‘ To linger here and by my parent mourn !’

She paused, expecting answer. None replied.

‘ And have ye children, have ye hearts ?’ she cried.

‘ Save me now, mothers, and from future harms,

‘ May heaven preserve the babies in your arms !

‘ See, to you, maids, I bend on abject knee ;

‘ Youths, even to you, who bent before to me.

‘ O my companions ! by our childish days,

‘ By dear remembrance of our simple plays ;

‘ By all our former bonds, your parents move ;

‘ By sacred friendship, Oh by tender love !

‘ Oft when ye trespassed, I for pardon prayed ;

‘ Oft on myself your little mischiefs laid.

‘ To whom ran sobbing every truant child ?

‘ By whom were angry lovers reconciled ?

‘ Still silent ? What ! no hope, no refuge here ?

‘ No common mercy ? What ! not even a tear ?

‘ Go then, sublime in heartless virtue live ;

‘ Plead not for me, vile culprit, nor forgive.

‘ Go ; yet the culprit, by her God forgiven,

‘ May plead for you before the throne of heaven !

‘ O native groves, O long-remembered bowers,

‘ Ye hills all sunshine and ye vales all flowers ;

‘ Home, where no more, consoling friends I see,

‘ Beloved and lost abode, farewell to thee ! ’

Dropt are her nerveless arms, unbound her hair,  
And her last look is placid with despair.

But turning to depart, behind she hears

Wild struggles, and a piteous burst of tears.

‘ Speak ! ’ she conjures, ‘ ere yet to frenzy driven,  
‘ Tell me who weeps ? what angel sent from heaven ? ’  
‘ I, I your friend ! ’ exclaims, with flushing charms,  
‘ A breathless girl, and darts into her arms.  
‘ O, I am Ellen still ! your other heart,  
‘ Your favorite Ellen ! No, we must not part ;  
‘ No, never ! Come, and in our cottage live ;  
‘ Come, for she shall—my mother shall forgive !  
‘ O my own darling come, and unreprieved,  
‘ Here round this heart hang loving and beloved,  
‘ Here round this constant heart ! ’ Still Ellen spoke,  
Still fondled, till her sire th’ embraces broke.  
Borne in his arms, she wept, entreated, raved,  
Then fainted, while a mute farewell she waved.

But the lone outcast miserably smiles,  
With vacant meekness, as the sire reviles ;  
Then slow recedes ; and moody, pauses now,  
And gnaws her tresses and contracts her brow ;  
While gasps, which leap convulsive from her breast,  
She strangles 'twixt her quivering lips comprest.  
Shockt by her aspect, matrons, harsh no more,  
Pursue her steps and her return implore.  
Soon a poor maniac, innocent of ill,  
She wanders unconfined her native hill ;  
On brooks and cresses fares, and all alone,  
Chaunts hasty snatches of harmonious moan.  
When moonlight kindles up the grass, with showers  
Sown thick, and glistens cold on sleeping flowers,

She gathers honeysuckle down the dells,  
Or rifles fonts of daffodils and bells ;  
With dewy finger, painted by the leaves,  
A coronet of roses interweaves ;  
Then steals unheard, and gliding thro' the yews,  
The garland o'er her shrouded mother strews ;  
While matrons tell, how fairies, nightly seen,  
Dance roundelays aslant that cowslipt green.  
Even when the flaky drizzle white descends,  
And all things in one scowling paleness blends,  
That spot, at dawn, appears above the snows :  
That verdant spot the little robin knows ;  
And certain still to find the sleet removed,  
Alights and chirps upon the turf beloved.

Such her émploy : her prayer was there to die.

One wintry morn, some rustics, straggling nigh,

Found the pale ruin, life for ever flown,

With downward forehead resting on its stone.

Unfinished lay the votive wreath of yew,

And her lank locks were stiff with frozen dew.

Poor Ellen hymned her requiem. Willows pine

Around her grave. In peace sleep Caroline.





W O M A N.



PART III.



### CONTENTS OF PART III.

LOVE invests Woman with her chief influence over us....  
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# W O M A N.

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## PART III.



BUT Love, divine result of all those charms,  
Weak Woman with supreme dominion arms.  
How shall my voice invoke, while Love I sing?  
What muse Parnassian? what Castalian spring?  
What Orphean lyre? Ah, these are idle dreams!  
Not these informed my young and simple themes.

No, Woman gave me Verse ; the human mind  
Invented Verse to move dear Womankind.

Did ever virgin poet disregard ?

Was ever fervent lover feeble bard ?

Then, gentle maid, my pain, my solace long,  
Come, and with whispered words inspire my song.

My song inspired, O then with smiles approve,  
Nor what you deign to Verse, deny to Love.

As when white torrents down some mountain roar,  
Drag crashing rocks along and shake the shore,  
Caught in the hollow of a flowery land,  
The silent floods into a lake expand ;  
Groves warble near, and on the surface bound  
Unruffled pictures of the fawns around ;

So the rude nature, that refinement scorned,  
By gentle love is softened and adorned.  
The godlike structure of imperial man  
Kneels suppliant ; tears arrest what sighs began.  
The bad reform, and Pedants, harsh erewhile,  
Trim their redundant locks and dare to smile.  
Then Grief forgets, even aching Age enjoys  
Short respite ; Wit is grave and Wisdom toys.  
Ambition leaves a favorite war unwaged,  
And Anger wonders he was e'er enraged.  
What will not man, if ardent Love inspire ?  
Home he forsakes, and ease, and wealthy sire.  
To gain his nymph even empire he foregoes,  
Hearth-happy monarch of the cot and rose.

Give him a brook, he yields superfluous Nile,  
And crowns are baubles parted for a smile.

Then how he sees conspicuous in her face,  
All earthly charms, and more than human grace!  
Her trifling whim is his important law ;  
In her 'tis wisdom to discuss a straw.

The goblet moistened at her lip, he drains ;  
Snatcht from her curl, one precious hair retains ;  
Hoards up her words, unuttered wants supplies,  
Intelligent to learn her asking eyes.  
Else jealous, and on vengeful project bound,  
He seeks her absent, to neglect her found.

Such symptoms his. But if the maiden feel,  
She shews her love by struggling to conceal.



By forced discourse till irksome men depart,

By musing interval and waking start ;

Abstracted answers, sudden feints of glee,

And stedfast looks unconscious that they see.

Much ease she summons, when himself retires ;

Affects to mock him, to defend him, fires.

Her shunning eyes his glad return proclaim,

And her cheek kindles at his magic name.

Ah, cold are those who banter or reprove,

Th' enchanting trivialities of love !

The smile, the pout, capricious, fond delays ;

The sudden turn of the detected gaze.

The captive finger, prest as 'twere by chance,

And unwithdrawn, as 'twere from absent trance.

Lips saying no, while eyes acquaint you may ;

Sweet admonitions after willing play.

Wiles, which can even before a mother woo ;

The mother made a witless agent too.

Arch Anger, that so prettily can take

Offence, for kissing reconciliation's sake.

Wild vows, mad menaces, demure replies ;

Then all the tender discontent of sighs.

Romantic treaties sworn, to gaze, when far,

Each spangled midnight, on a mutual star ;

And the long look, at parting backward cast,

The hopeless look—perhaps for hours the last !

Thus meekly kind, thus amorously coy,

Play courted maids ; such courtship youths employ.

To them these nothings are momentous things,

And more to them than diadems to kings.

There is a pain that timid hearts endure,

There is a feeling, Oh, how softly pure !

There is a silent care, far, far above

Faint language—tis the care of secret Love.

There is a language by the virgin made,

Not read but felt, not uttered but betrayed :

A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,

Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.

Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows,

In one short glance whole volumes it avows ;

In one short moment tells of many days,

In one short speaking silence all conveys.

Joy, sorrow, love recounts, hope, pity, fear,

And looks a sigh and weeps without a tear.

O tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,

So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind,

Were eyes melodious, and could music play,

From flowers struck newly by the morning ray,

Such tender music from that glance might rise,

And angels own the language of the skies !

Ill fares her heart, by secret passion moved,

When glances answer she must love unloved.

She cannot kneel, like slighted youths, and woo,

She cannot storm, complain, implore, pursue ;

Nor rush for solace, to voluptuous charms,

Nor exercise the chase, nor gird on arms ;

Nor wave the boistrous goblet, till around  
Its frothed horizon the red surges bound—  
Far from delights she flies, condemned to know  
The double pang of unimparted woe.  
Hope, with fond treason, nourishing her care,  
Repels the friendly torpor of despair.  
Some casual look, some gesture undesigned,  
Her anxious sophistry still construes kind.  
Till heartsick, listless, tearless, day by day,  
Her bloom extinct, she pants in slow decay.  
The silent mother, inly guessing all,  
Bends o'er her, and anticipates her pall :  
And her last moments hoping still to cheer,  
Feigns how her loved one hovers sadly near.

The seeming dupe, to recompense the wile,  
Long happy days foretells, exerts a smile,—  
A piteous smile of desolate repose,  
Like a pale moonbeam on a blighted rose ;—  
And gasps out ‘ better,’ with that parting breath,  
Which cold against her parent, tells her death.

Less sad, because more sympathetic, prove  
The woes that oft embitter mutual love.

White on a cliff, (where Erin westward runs,  
And gilds her rocks against Atlantic suns—  
Isle of the triple leaf, from serpent free ;)  
A perching hamlet overhung the sea.  
There Connal sportive hours with Ella led,  
And long betrothed, they trusted soon to wed.

Blest interval of love ! But who can say,  
Tomorrow comes as joyful as today ?

The sun set red, the clouds were scudding wild,  
And their black fragments into masses piled ;  
The birds of ocean screamed, and ocean gave  
A hoarser murmur and a heavier wave.

Young Connal, trolling for the scaly brood,  
With slender bark was absent on the flood ;  
And oft the nymph, prophetic of the blast,  
Across the main her wishing glances cast.  
At length afar the dusky speck she spied,  
Hung on a wave or shooting down its side ;  
When sudden, from the north, the stormy flight  
Rushed prone, with bursting clouds and instant night.

Her cries alarmed, came breathless young and old ;  
The bell for shipwreck in the hamlet tolled.  
The tempest louder howls ; along the sands  
The people shout, and toss their lighted brands.  
The foremost waters, where the brands illume,  
Glare hideous ; all beyond is solid gloom.

Now from afar, with onward peal more dread,  
The pondrous thunder crashes overhead.  
Earth shakes, and all the firmamental ire  
Of black rain gushes, crost by ghastly fire.  
The ridgy surges, shoreward as they tend,  
Curl over, and a whitened mass descend ;  
Then break round Ella, who with clasping hands,  
Half to the waist bedrencht, unconscious stands,



In marble horror. Shrill her tresses sing,  
Blown sidelong, and her robes with ocean cling.  
She stands, and anchors all her aching sight,  
Where the dark billow rolls into the light.  
Now, now the skiff appears!—Ah, nearer tost,  
Its upward keel gives signal, all is lost!  
Groans and a solitary cry succeed;  
They drop their torches and round Ella speed,  
Plunged in the foam, imploring not to save,  
Resisting help and grasping at a wave.  
Years went, and still, in each nocturnal storm,  
Wild thro' the whirlwind rushed her shrieking form.  
One night she wandered down that fatal shore,  
So shattered by the raging surge before;

But now the little waves were softly fanned,

And printed rippling kisses on the sand.

Now too the moon ascended heaven, to crown

Its starry forehead, blue without a frown ;

And in such mellow lustre steeped the maid,

Even purple roses for that hue might fade.

There, while beginning tears, like mists, arise,

And dim the broken moonbeams in her eyes,

She chaunts a dirge her shapeless fancy wrought,

When the dire wreck had wildered every thought.

‘ I wish I were beside my faithful love,

‘ And heard the billows humming high above ;

‘ And I would chase the monsters from his form,

‘ And clasp his chilly heart while mine was warm.

- ‘ And when our bones were scattered far away,  
‘ Our floating hearts would still together stay ;  
‘ For round about them pearled shells would cling,  
‘ And coral knot them with a flowery string.  
‘ And then our spirits, where true lovers go,  
‘ Would gaze together on our hearts below.  
‘ I sicken when the rising sun I see,  
‘ I hate kind faces, tho’ they pity me ;  
‘ I tire of vales around, and skies above.  
‘ I wish I were beside my faithful love ! ’

‘ Turn, for beside thy faithful love thou art ! ’

A voice exclaimed, that rang upon her heart :—

The voice of Connal ! Lost in sweet alarms,

And senseless struck, she dropped into his arms.

He called her precious name, her bosom fanned,  
Now heaped the waters in his hollow hand ;  
Now her wet forehead chafed. The living glow  
Came, as a crimson sunbeam breaks on snow.  
She waked, and while around him wildly wreathed,  
Caressed and looked, and sobbing welcome breathed ;  
And interposed quick questions, as the past,  
Twixt lengthened kisses, he recounted fast.  
How, breasting the tempestuous surge, he cheered  
A small American, by pirates steered ;  
Then capture, toil, escape, betrayed disguise—  
But stops in pity to her weeping eyes ;  
That tremulous with watry lustre, fill,  
While waits her gathered breath each coming ill.

She dries those tears, again to view his face,

Nor feels her tresses strained by his embrace.

‘ Thus let me live ! ’ is his extatic cry ;

‘ And thus,’ she softly whispers, ‘ let me die ! ’

I hate the man, at amorous pangs alarmed,

Who thanks his planets for a heart unharmed.

Far better cultivate the love that glows,

Than batten pale on unendeared repose.

Better oft lose than never win a maid ;

Better than never trust, be oft betrayed.

Her baffling laugh, and pointing finger, well

Are risked for tales her crimson kisses tell.

O after long suspense and pining care,

And morns of hope and midnights of despair,

To hear the half-demurring girl remove  
All torments, with two golden words—I love !  
Methinks I see her, at that matchless hour,  
Beside her youth in some sequestered bower,  
Where birds have nests, where myrtles interwreath,  
Where odorous roses into roses breathe,  
And two transparent brooks unite their tide,  
And mix their murmur, never to divide.  
Blest moment ! doubly blest by former pain :  
That moment Mary gave, but gave in vain.  
Sweet Sister ! beautiful and good and young,  
Implored by suitors and by poets sung,  
Thee pale decay consumed ; consumed thee now,  
Just as thy parents hoped thy nuptial vow ;

Just as thy tongue the soft assent declared,

Just as thou sawest thy bridal robe prepared ;

Nor Love could save thee, dear domestic boast,

Nor he who called so long thy parted ghost.

Yet if that spirit may behold from high,

The sacred frailty of a sorrowing eye,

O Mary, O my sister, this this tear,

Accept, and love me still in heaven as here !

A little pause, my song, a fond delay,

A holy pause, to wipe that tear away.

Tis want of love most curses nuptial beds.

One for an heir, for gold another weds.

This seeks a partner of armorial race ;

That laughs at mind, and purchases a face.

Here, irksome Solitude to marriage moves ;  
There, many a youth, refused by her he loves,  
Asks her he hates ; else some unsuited chance,  
Seen but by tapers, known but at the dance.  
When Wedlock blesses, life has small alloy ;  
When Wedlock curses, tis without a joy.

Still more in towns, where gorgeous throngs invade  
The liveried door, is marriage wretched made.  
Vain roofs have cheerless hearths. Then, Muse, remove  
To rural homes, and sing their virtuous love.

Light specks of fleecy gold enflame the skies,  
The grass with liquid stars o'ersparkled lies ;  
The mist rolls off in eddies, smokes begin  
From opening cots, and all is stir within.



The pastoral family due task prepare,  
For whetted scythe, the milkpail and the share ;  
And haste where lark and zephyr, rill and bee,  
Mix harmless their primeval minstrelsy.  
One damsel chuckles shrill ; her cackling train  
Run with spread pinions and dispute the grain.  
Another up her rested pitcher heaves,  
Encamps small heaps of hay, or girdles sheaves ;  
Else spinning, pats her busy foot, and trills  
Some dittied plaint about a love that kills.  
The laden wife meantime to market goes,  
Or underneath the hawthorn knits her hose ;  
Or lays moist kerchiefs on the sunny grass,  
Or checks her pottage billowing o'er the brass ;

While clattered plates, and roots in hurry peeled,  
Announce her good man trudging from the field.

But when the sun upon round ocean floats,  
When breezes ebb, and penned are tinkling cotes,  
All gather blithe ; the dance some maiden leads,  
Some shepherd pipes upon his row of reeds,  
Till the last crimson banner fades in air :—  
Then sly he dallies for his homeward fair ;  
And says, and swearing says, with many a sigh,  
That she must be humane or he must die.  
Neat hands have deftly trimmed her cot today :  
There stands a cupboard opened for display ;  
A table there, whose oaken mirror shews  
The face imbrowned ; there maple plates in rows.

And woodbine shades her dresser, where a sun  
Of brass is shining ; nought remains undone :  
And humble prints of scripture bless the room,  
And stuck o'er each appears a pious bloom.

Now they replenish pleasant cups, and tell  
The rural news—how he from ladder fell,  
How she from hayrick ;—merry gossip past,  
Come dreams, and each outwondered by the lats.  
Then tales of ghost authentic, then the noise  
Of hoodwinked damsel chasing nimble boys ;  
And when to sit the rustic would essay,  
His treachrous mistress slips his bench away.  
She flies and hides ; he follows, not remiss  
To satiate that revenge of love—a kiss.

At the dear outrage, beautifully fought,  
(For battled kisses still make kisses sought,)  
She whispers shrieks, sighs angry words, and feigns  
A struggle yielded soon, and pleased complains.  
Implored to passion, vows her heart is free ;  
He raves, and threatens flight, and praises sea.  
Ah, then she owns, how he alone of all—  
But starts off sudden, to her mother's call ;  
Adjusts her ruffled ringlets at the door,  
And her warm lips are ruddier than before.

Yet cares as tender actuate Womankind,  
In rural homes, where manners are refined.  
Now while the husband o'er his furrow stands,  
Or earthy spade and dewy scythe commands ;

Or shears his future frieze, the housewife holds  
Maternal audience, and the task unfolds.  
One the plain sampler letters, one essays  
Small syllables, or taught Our Father, prays.  
New frocks upon a sparkling girl she tries,  
While studious faces peep with idle eyes.  
Now figured slates she praises, now reproves  
Pens inexpert, and Emulation moves ;  
Or teaches maps, shews England in the sea,  
Or rolls her world of spheric mimicry.  
Then simple lecture adds—who made the sky ;  
How to live happy, happy how to die.

At eve all wander forth. The youngest pride,  
Held fast, and tripping by the mother's side,

With smaller steps and hastier than her own,  
Looks urgent up and prays to run alone.  
While some chase butterflies, or prank with thorn,  
Proud bonnets, or admonished shun the horn ;  
Or nod at rippling faces in the lakes,  
One her apt pencil near some ruin takes ;  
And sketches vales, where shining rivers wind,  
Blue mountains, and the crimson sky behind.  
Not far a group of rustic postures stand,  
And an old oak grotesque o'erhangs her hand.  
But when returned, the blooming household meet,  
The childish prank, the dance of infant feet,  
Plain meal and artless story wing the time,  
And golden volumes of immortal rhyme ;

Or vocal song, while caged thrushes cheer,  
And thrill their feathers. Such the moments here.  
Nor Envy here her writhing serpent gnaws,  
And Candour executes unwritten laws.

These are the duties Woman best maintains ;  
By these dominion ununsurped she gains.  
Hence to maternal home is virtue given ;  
Hence earth with wafted angels peoples heaven.  
Thus England triumphs. Empires are secure,  
While men continue free and women pure.

Oh, give me, heaven, to sweeten latter life,  
And mend my wayward heart, a tender wife ;  
Who soothes me, tho' herself with anguish wrung,  
Nor renders ill for ill, nor tongue for tongue.

Sways by persuasion, kisses off my frown,  
And reigns unarmed, a queen without a crown.  
Alike, to please me, her accomplished hand  
The harp and homely needle can command ;  
And learning with such grace her tongue applies,  
Her solemn maxims wear a gay disguise.  
Neat for my presence, as if princes came,  
And modest, even to me, with bridal shame ;  
A friend or playmate, as my wishes call,  
A ready nurse, tho' summoned from a ball,  
She holds in age, that conquest youth achieved,  
Loves without pomp and pleases unperceived.

Such be my lot    Then, boistrous ocean past,  
My bark shall enter gliding streams at last.



Then, as a village, tinged with evening gold,  
And calm with sheltered spire and smoke uprolled,  
Repose to some lost traveller commends,  
As down the drizzling mountain slow he wends ;  
So tranquil Wedlock shall withdraw my mind,  
From all the toiling cares of worn mankind.

And O, when death dissolves that holy chain,  
When Love forsakes my heart and Verse my brain ;  
When haply, not unpleased how nymphs I sing,  
Fair fingers strew my turf with purple spring ;  
May the dear mistress whom below I love,  
Rejoin me in the starry bowers above.  
There where deserving wives, who sorrow here  
No more shall tremble at the spouse austere.

There where the pairs whom fate asunder tore,  
Shall mix ambrosial breaths and part no more  
Youths whom the sires of tender virgins scorn  
And maids who die before the nuptial morn ;  
Or o'er the grave of some true lover, shed  
The tear that else had graced his bridal bed.

END.



OCCASIONAL POEMS.



OCCASIONAL POEMS.

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SONG.

HASTE, my love, and come away ;

What is folly ? what is sorrow ?

Tis to turn from joy today,

Tis to wait for care tomorrow.

By yon river,

Aspens shiver ;

Thus I tremble at delay.

Light discovers

Simple lovers ;

See the stars, with sharpened ray,

Flocking thicker,

Glancing quicker ;

Haste, my love, and come away.

FANNY.

SAY, Fanny, why has equal heaven,

In every bounty good and wise,

Perfection to your features given ?

Enchantment to your witching eyes ?

Was it that mortal man might view,

These charms at distance, and adore ?

Ah, no ! the man who would not woo,

Were less than mortal, or were more.

The mossy rose, by humming bee,

And painted butterfly carest,

We leave not fading on the tree,

But snatch it to the happy breast.

There unsurpassed in sweets it dwells—

Unless the bosom be your own ;

There blooming, every bloom excels—

Except your tender blush alone.

O Fanny, life is on the wing,

And years, like rivers, glide away ;

Tomorrow may misfortune bring,

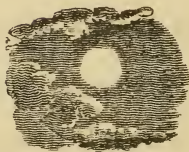
Then, lovely girl, enjoy today.



Nor thus, before the kiss I sip,  
Start bashful from these ardent arms;  
As if afraid my printing lip,  
Might rob your printed lip of charms.

For feet impair not, tho' they tread,  
The blooming primrose.—Fanny smiled.  
Come then, the meadow flowers, she said,  
Come, press the primrose blooming wild.

SONNET,  
TO THE MOON.



NOW while the birds within their feathers hide  
The nestled head, thy visit, Moon, renew ;  
Let thy pale spirit thro' the foliage glide,  
And flowering thorns illuminate with dew.  
To thee the Nightingale her pipe shall play,  
And thus my pen shall moralize her lay.

The gorgeous Sun ten thousand warblers sing,

One solitary bird the Moon below.

Thus for the Great what choral Pæans ring !

Thus for the Good what scanty praises flow !

## SONNET.

## THE BUTTERFLY.



WHERE flowrets hung reflected o'er the brook,  
A harmless Butterfly my path beset ;  
Itself a flying flower, and pinions shook,  
Of starry gold, and azure edged with jet.

Abrupt I caught it, and a pinion tore.

The mangled thing into a lily fell ;

Nor all my nurture could its soul restore,

Nor all the dewy odours of the bell.

It died within the flower it loved so well.

Thus nymphs, untreasured of fair virtue, lie

Forlorn amid their native vales, and die.

## THE FAREWELL.



GO, gentle Muse, tis near the gloomy day

Of parting—go, and bid farewell for me ;

Farewell to her who once endured thy lay,

Since hence she hastens far—Ah, hard decree !

Tell her I feel, at that portentous hour,

Not waves alone will heave in tumult high ;

Not skies alone will rain a gushing shower,

Not winds alone will breathe a plaintive sigh.

Say, that her influence flies not with her form,  
That distant, she will still engage my mind ;  
That suns are most remote when most they warm,  
That flying Parthians scatter darts behind.

Long will I gaze upon her vacant home,  
As the bird lingers near its pilfered nest ;  
Still murmur, There she read the studious tome,  
There sported, there her happy pet caressed.

There, as she sat at each accomplished art,  
I saw her form inclined with Sapphic grace ;  
Her looks, her movements, simple from the heart,  
And all the unbought treasures of her face.

That open forehead parting clustered hair,

That cheek of peachy tinct, that slender brow ;

The sportive archness, and the musing air,

So magical, they charmed I knew not how.

Light were her footsteps, as the silent flakes

Of falling snow ; her smiles, elate as morn ;

Her dimple, like the print a berry makes,

In glassy brook, when dropping from the thorn.

To catch her accents, as afar she spoke,

To see her graceful hand (that future prize !)

Fling back a ringlet, oft I dared provoke

The gentle vengeance of averted eyes.



Yet ah, what wonder, if, when conscious awe

Withheld me from approach, I broke my chain?

Or, when I made a single glance my law,

What wonder if that law were made in vain?

And can no charm but sweet discourse enthrall?

Tho' ne'er for me those speaking features moved;

The valley, silent save where echoes call,

When long beheld, eternally is loved.

That spot, the shelter of our early years,

That spot, where shrouded friends and kindred lie;

Still for that spot we shed remembering tears,

Still to that distant spot return and die.

Go then, my Muse, before the parting day,

Long dreaded—go, and bid farewell for me ;

Farewell to her who once endured thy lay,

Whate'er engage her, whereso'er she be.

If slumbering, tell her in my dreams she sways,

If speaking, tell her in my words she glows ;

If thoughtful, tell her in my thoughts she strays,

If tuneful, tell her in my song she flows.

Confess that soon my dreams will wander wild,

That soon my words will intermingle moans ;

That soon my thoughts will languish unbeguiled,

That soon my song will wake lamenting tones.

Then, in romantic moments, I will frame  
Some scene ideal, where we meet at last ;  
Where, rescued by myself from surge or flame,  
She smiles reward and talks of all the past.

Now to the rural lark she hastes away.

Ah ! could the bard some winged warbler be ;  
Following her form, no longer would he say,  
Go, gentle Muse, and bid farewell for me.

END.

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